

DEC.

No. 123

Ten
Cents



Adventure COMICS

A 52 PAGE MAGAZINE

Another
EXCITING STORY OF
SUPERMAN
WHEN HE WAS
A BOY!

BUG OF WAR
SUPERBOY
VS.
JUMBO

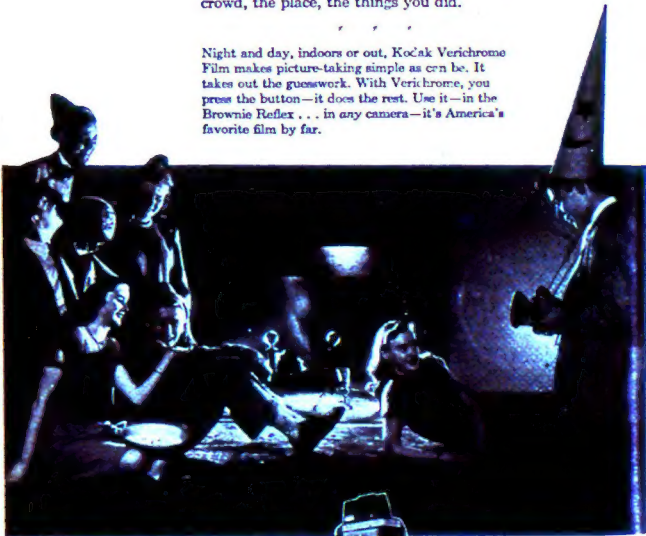


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By the way, for those special Christmas greetings there is nothing smarter than cards made from your own snapshots. See your Kodak dealer about it—now!

SUPERBOY

The ADVENTURES of SUPERMAN
WHEN HE WAS A BOY!

JERRY SIEGEL
AND
JOE SHUSTER

I will respect others. I will respect others.
I will respect others. I will respect others.
I will respect others. I will respect others.
I will respect others. I will respect others.

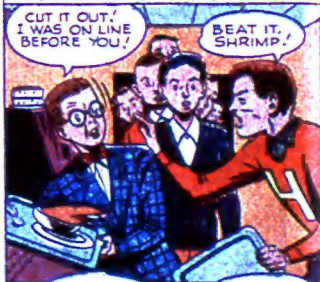
SOMEONE ONCE SAID EVERY SCHOLAR MUST FIRST LEARN HIS THREE R'S—READING... WRITING... AND ARITHMETIC! BUT THERE IS A FOURTH R—FOR RESPECT! AND THAT'S WHERE PETE FAILED... FOR PETE WAS A BULLY, AND A BULLY HAS NO RESPECT FOR ANYONE! BUT PETE HAD TO LEARN... AND HE DID, WHEN HE CLASHED WITH A SCHOOL MASTER WHO SOON MASTERED HIS ARROGANCE, FOR IT WAS SUPERBOY WHO TAUGHT....

"A LESSON for A BULLY!"

MEET PETE BRANT, A STAR ATHLETE—BUT NO SPORTSMAN...

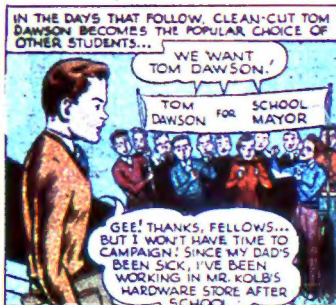


FAIR PLAY MEANS NOTHING TO PETE!



AND LIKE EVERY SWAGGERING BULLY, PETE HAS HIS STOOGES...







SOON, AFTER MANY MORE FAKED PHONE CALLS...

LEAVING, YOUNG CLARK KENT STEPS INTO AN ALLEYWAY, AND BECOMES...

I'M SORRY, TOM, BUT WE'VE SO MANY RUSH DELIVERIES TO MAKE, YOU'LL HAVE TO WORK THIS AFTERNOON.

SUPERBOY WILL SEE THAT A NICE CHAP LIKE TOM GETS HIS CHANCE TO CAMPAIGN FOR SCHOOL MAYOR.



HI, TOM, COULD YOU USE AN ASSISTANT?

DIDN'T YOU ORDER THESE, MR. JONES?

NO, BUT I COULD USE SOME TOOLS IF THEY'RE ANY GOOD!

I MAY AS WELL MAKE A SALE FOR TOM!

HOW ABOUT A DEMONSTRATION?

SUPERBOY, I SURE CAN USE YOU!

AS YOU CAN SEE... THIS HOE IS HOE-KAY...

AND THESE CLIPPERS MAKE YOUR WEDGE INTO A WORK OF ART...

WHILE THIS LAWNMOWER EASILY SPELLS YOUR NAME!

I'LL TAKE THEM!



BUT SPEEDY DELIVERIES. TO OTHER ADDRESSES ARE A FAILURE...

NO! I NEVER ORDERED ANY POTS!



LATER...

BUT WHY SHOULD ANYBODY MAKE THOSE PHONEY CALLS?

PERHAPS IT WAS TO KEEP TOM BUSY! I WONDER IF PETE BRANT...?

EXCUSE ME... I WANT TO CHECK ON A HUNCH!



ON THE SCHOOL GROUNDS...

HYA, "MR. JONES!"
HAW!
HAW!

NOW THAT TOM IS OUT OF THE RUNNING, I'M SURE TO BE ELECTED MAYOR!

BOY, OUR GAG SURE WORKED!



THAT'S IT! PETE BRANT DOESN'T CARE WHAT HE DOES SO LONG AS HE BECOMES THE SCHOOL BIG SHOT. HE NEEDS A LESSON IN SPORTSMANSHIP!



LATER... IN THE SCHOOL AUDITORIUM, PETE BRANT MAKES HIS CAMPAIGN SPEECH...

...AND WHEN I'M MAYOR YOU'LL SEE THAT I KNOW HOW TO RUN THINGS...



I GUESS IT'S MY TURN TO TALK NOW!

YOU! BUT I THOUGHT...?



SOON AFTER... IN THE BASEMENT...

THESE VENTILATORS OPEN RIGHT INTO THE AUDITORIUM! TOM'S AUDIENCE WON'T STICK AROUND TO LISTEN TO HIM TALK WHEN THIS FLOUR HITS THEM!



ABRUPTLY, BLINDING CLOUDS OF FLOUR PARTICLES SPEW FROM THE VENTILATOR BLOWERS...

AND GOOD CITIZENSHIP WILL... WHAT?

THIS CALLS FOR STRATEGY.

(COUGH) I CAN'T SEE!

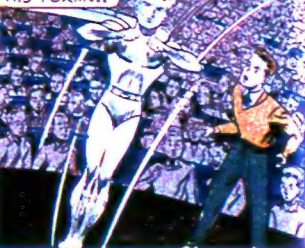
MY NEW DRESS- RUINED!



SPINNING LIKE A TOP, SUPERBOY CREATES A WHIRLWIND THAT DRAWS THE PARTICLES OF FLOUR TOWARD HIM...



AS THE FLOUR SWIRLS AROUND HIM, IT SOLIDIFIES INTO A CLINGING WHITE CAKE ABOUT HIS FORM...



AND WHEN SUPERBOY FLEXES HIS MUSCLES, THE CAKE CRACKS OPEN LIKE A SCULPTOR'S MOLD!

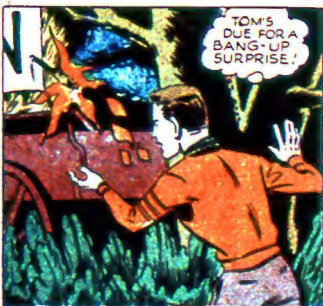


YOU CAN GO ON WITH YOUR SPEECH NOW, TOM.

LATER... AS A SPECTACULAR CAMPAIGN STUNT, PETE BRANT'S FOLLOWERS STAGE A PARADE BY TORCHLIGHT!

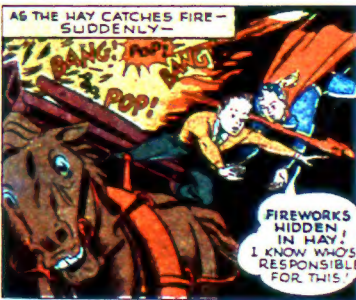


TOM DAWSON'S FOLLOWERS RETALIATE
WITH A HAY WAGON RIDE...



TOM'S
DUE FOR A
BANG-UP
SURPRISE!

AS THE HAY CATCHES FIRE —
SUDDENLY —



FIREWORKS
HIDDEN
IN HAY!
I KNOW WHO'S
RESPONSIBLE
FOR THIS!



WHOA!
EASY, FELLA...
NOTHING TO
GET SCARED
ABOUT!

SEIZING THE WAGON-LOAD OF FIREWORKS,
SUPERBOY ZOOMS INTO THE SKY LIKE
A ROCKET.



USING THE HEAVENS FOR A BILLBOARD,
SUPERBOY BECOMES A PENMAN OF
FLAME IN THE SKY.

TOM DAWSON
FOR
MAYOR

SOMETIME AFTER... **SUPERBOY** AND TOM LEARN THE RESULT OF AN OPINION POLL.

ACCORDING TO OUR POLL, ABOUT HALF THE SCHOOL STILL IS UNDECIDED FOR WHOM THEY'LL VOTE.

THAT'S NOT GOOD! YOU MIGHT LOSE AFTER ALL! I WONDER WHAT PETE THINKS OF THIS! LET'S FIND OUT...



AND PETE'S STRATEGY IS...

EVERYBODY LIKES A WINNER ... SO I'LL PICK A FIGHT WITH TOM AND BEAT HIM UP WHILE THE OTHER KIDS ARE WATCHING.



BUT THE BULLY'S PLAN HAS BEEN OVER-HEARD...

GEE, IF HE PICKS A FIGHT WITH ME, I'LL HAVE TO FIGHT HIM OR EVERYBODY WILL THINK I'M A COWARD... BUT HE'S SO MUCH STRONGER THAN I AM, I'LL LOSE.

NOT IF I'M YOU! PETE NEEDS A LESSON... AND **SUPERBOY** WILL GIVE IT TO HIM!



LATER...

WHAT'S THE IDEA O' BUMPING INTO ME? WHY DON'T YOU WATCH WHERE YOU'RE WALKING?

B-BUT YOU BUMPED INTO ME!

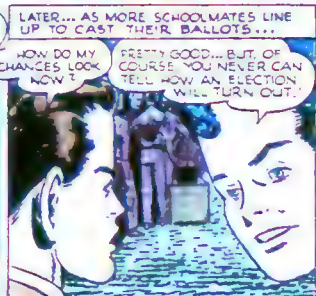
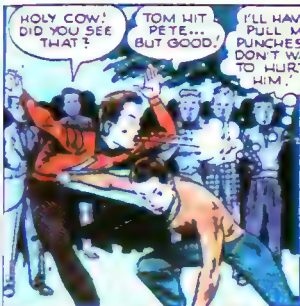


TRYIN' TO CALL ME A LIAR, EH? JUST FOR THAT I'M GOIN' TO PUSH YOUR FACE IN!

WHAT?!! YOU'RE STILL STANDING?! I DON'T BELIEVE IT!

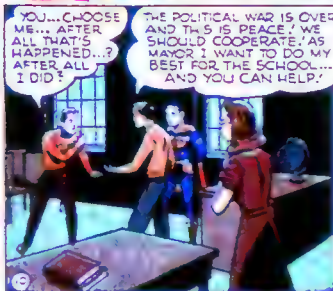
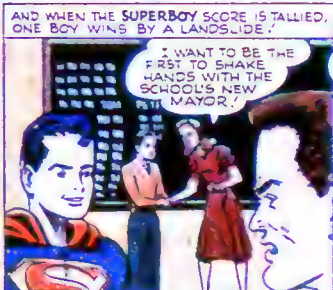
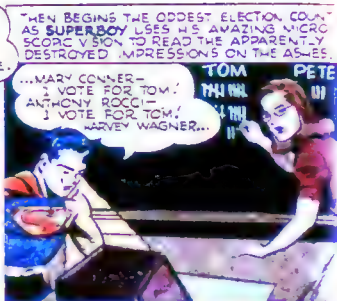


AND PETE WAS A RIGHT TO BE SURPRISED... FOR HE DOES NOT KNOW THAT HE WAS JUST HIT **SUPERBOY** DISGUISED AS TOM!



AFTERWARD... WHEN THE VOTES IN THE BALLOT BOXES HAVE ALMOST ALL BEEN COUNTED...



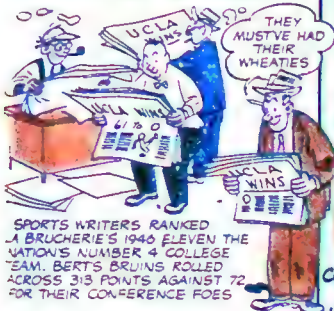


For Super *SUPERMAN* Stories...
Read ACTION COMICS • SUPERMAN and WORLD'S FINEST COMICS!

THIS WAY
FELLOWS



IN 1946--ONLY HIS
SECOND YEAR AS UCLA
COACH--LA BRUCHERIE
LED THE CALIFORNIANS
TO AN UNDEFEATED CHAMPIONSHIP OF
THE PACIFIC COAST CONFERENCE



SPORTS WRITERS RANKED
LA BRUCHERIE'S 1946 ELEVEN THE
NATION'S NUMBER 4 COLLEGE
TEAM. BERT'S BRUINS ROLLED
ACROSS 313 POINTS AGAINST 72
FOR THEIR CONFERENCE FOES

"MY BOYS OFTEN HEAR ME
RECOMMEND A BIG BOWL
OF MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES.
BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS," AS
A TOP-FLIGHT TRAINING 'DISH,' SAYS BERT
LA BRUCHERIE. "IT'S MY FAVORITE
BREAKFAST DISH. THOSE CRISP WHOLE
WHEAT FLAKES, WHEATIES, HAVE A FLAVOR
THAT'S HIT IT OFF WITH MY APPETITE
FOR YEARS"

NOW I'LL
DEMONSTRATE



BERT
LA BRUCHERIE

COACH OF THE
CHAMPION
U.C.L.A. BRUINS



WHEATIES
**BREAKFAST
OF CHAMPIONS**

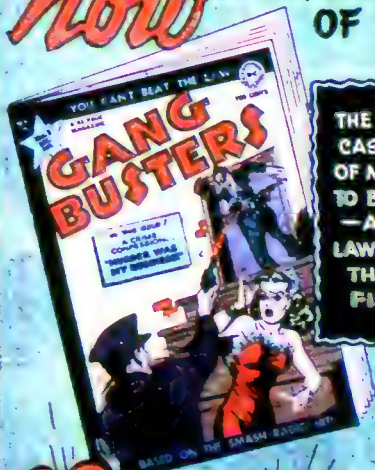
WITH MILK AND FRUIT

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are registered trade marks of
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ALL-TIME
THRILL FAVORITE**

Now IN A
**COMICS MAGAZINE
OF ITS OWN!**



THE PUNCH-PACKED
CASE-HISTORIES
OF MEN WHO TRIED
TO BEAT THE LAW
—AND OF THE
LAWMEN WHO BEAT
THEM TO THE
FINAL DRAW!



DRAMA!

EXCITEMENT!

ACTION!

WATCH FOR THIS FIRST ISSUE
AT *your* NEWSSTAND!

THE GREEN ARROW



AGAIN AND AGAIN THE GRIM REAPER STRUCK! AGAIN AND AGAIN THE DEAD ONES WERE FOUND, ALONE AND WITHOUT A CLUE AS TO WHY THEY DIED! ACCIDENTS? SUICIDES? THE GREEN ARROW CALLED THEM MURDER! SO THE BATTLING BOWMAN PUT HIS OWN NAME - OLIVER QUEEN - ON AN UNKNOWN KILLER'S DEATH LIST, TO FIND THE ANSWER TO AN EERIE MYSTERY IN...

**THE MAN BEHIND
THE MASK!**

ONE MORNING, THE CITY'S NEWSPAPERS CARRY STARTLING HEADLINES...



BUT THE GREEN ARROW CONSIDERS A THIRD POSSIBILITY... MURDER! SO THAT NIGHT, HE AND SPEEDY ACT...



SPRING THE CATAPULT, SPEEDY!

THE CRY FOR HELP CAME FROM THE TOP FLOOR!

INSIDE THE APARTMENT...



A MAN-AND HE'S HURT!

NOT HURT-DEAD!



A COMMON HOUSE-HOLD TRAGEDY-BARE FEET ON WET FLOOR, A WET HAND REACHING FOR A METAL LIGHT CHAIN- RESULT-AN ELECTROCUTED BODY!

DEATH BY ACCIDENT! THAT MAKES SIXTEEN IN THREE DAYS. BUT ARE THEY ACCIDENTS?



SUDDENLY, A FLAMING GREEN ARROW ROCKETS ACROSS THE SKY!

LOOK, G.A.! OUR ROCKET SIGNAL FROM POLICE HEADQUARTERS!



LEAVE EVERYTHING AS IT IS, HERE. WE'LL SEE WHAT CHIEF WEBER WANTS...

AT HEADQUARTERS...

IF I KNEW YOU WERE ON THE JOB, GREEN ARROW, I WOULDN'T HAVE SUMMONED YOU! THESE "ACCIDENTAL" DEATHS LOOK SUSPICIOUS!

WE'VE INVESTIGATED THEM, AND I THINK THE "ACCIDENTS" ARE AS PHONEY AS THREE-DOLLAR BILLS!



I'M SURE, GREEN ARROW, THAT THEY'RE MURDER!

SO AM I, CHIEF, BUT WHO'S THE KILLER—AND WHY?

YOU'VE CRACKED TOUGHER CASES THAN THIS, G.A.!

WE'LL DO OUR BEST! SO LONG, CHIEF!



LATER, GREEN ARROW AND SPEEDY BECOME PLAIN CITIZENS OLIVER QUEEN AND ROY HARPER...

GEE, OLIVER, WHERE DO WE START ON THIS CASE?

I'VE GOT ONE IDEA—

I'M GOING INTO THE UNDERWORLD DISGUISE AND HERE'S WHAT I WANT YOU TO DO...

I'M LISTENING!





THE TWO CRIME-FIGHTERS PLAN WELL, AND THE NEXT DAY...

I'M FIRING BLANKS! BUT I HOPE SPEEDY DOESN'T COME ANY CLOSER WITH HIS ARROWS!

LOOK OUT, THE GREEN ARROW'S AFTER SOMEONE!



THAT'S ENOUGH ADVERTISING... NOW FOR THE TEST!



THEN THE "FUGITIVE" BURSTS INTO A GANG HIDEOUT AS A FINAL HAIL OF ARROWS THUDS INTO THE DOOR...

HELP ME, BOYS! THE GREEN ARROW IS AFTER ME!

I'LL SAY HE IS! THERE'S HIS MARK! C'MON IN!



OKAY, PAL! DA GREEN ARROW WON'T COME BUSTIN' IN HERE! YER SAFE NOW!

BOY! THAT WAS CLOSE. THANKS PALS!



YOUR NAME'S DUKE, EH? WELL, YA MUST BE SOME GUY TO HAVE DA GREEN ARROW AFTER YA!

GEE, WHAT'D YA DO TO GET HIM AFTER YA, PAL?

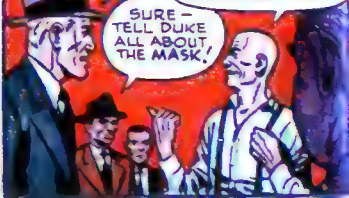
I WAS TRYIN' TO BUMP A GUY OFF -



-AND THE GREEN ARROW GETS WIND OF IT - HE CHASED ME AND I RAN IN HERE TO HIDE.

HE LOOKS LIKE A RIGHT GUY, BOYS. LET'S TELL HIM HOW HE CAN GET RID OF THE MUG DAT CHASED HIM.

SURE - TELL DUKE ALL ABOUT THE MASK!



AND A STRANGE STORY IS UNFOLDED TO 'DUKE'.

AN' DAT'S ALL YA DO, DUKE —
JUS' DROP DIS COIN IN A SLOT
AN' DO LIKE I SAID,
AN' ANY GUY YA
WANTS BUMPED —
GETS BUMPED!

GEE,
FELLOWS!
THANKS!
I WON'T
FORGET THE
FAVOR!



THAT NIGHT "DUKE" ENTERS A CERTAIN CANDY STORE AND ...

NOW I PUT THIS
ODD COIN INTO
THAT CANDY
MACHINE —

— BUT WHEN I
TURN THE KNOB,
IT WON'T BE
CANDY I
GET...



NEXT, HE SLIPS INTO A NEARBY PHONE BOOTH...

THEN I ENTER THIS PHONE
BOOTH AND A SECRET DOOR IS
SUPPOSED TO OPEN —
HEY — IT IS!



SECONDS LATER, HE IS IN A MIRROR-LINED CORRIDOR ...

WELL, I'M IN
UP TO MY NECK NOW!
TOO LATE TO
TURN BACK!



THEN HE COMES TO A DOOR ...

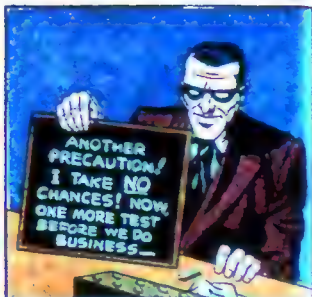
OKAY,
OKAY!



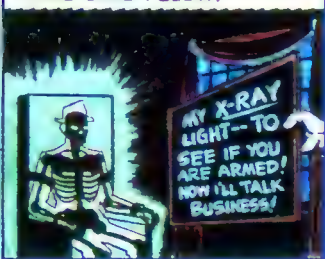
HEY! I CAN'T
MOVE MY
FEET! I'M
STUCK
HERE!



THEN A BUTTON IS PUSHED ...



THE LIGHTS GO OUT, SAVE FOR AN EERIE GREEN GLOW.



ONCE AGAIN THE LIGHTS GO ON AND "DUKE" IS RELEASED ...



ANOTHER BUTTON IS PUSHED AND A TINY MODEL OF THE CITY SLIDES OUT OF THE WALL ...



OLIVER QUEEN WILL BE AT
THE MUSEUM TONIGHT—
ALONE—
STUDYING!

HE WILL BE
TAKEN CARE
OF / PUT YOUR
MONEY ON THE
TABLE!

LATER, OLIVER REMOVES HIS
'DUKE' DISGUISE...

I DON'T EVEN
HEAR HIS VOICE!
HE WROTE "ALL
ON A SLATE."

BUT WHY DO
YOU PUT YOUR
OWN NAME
ON HIS DEATH
SLIST?

AND FOR THE SECOND TIME THAT
YOGI TOLOVED QUEEN DOES A
DISGUISE.

BECAUSE
HEABLE TO READ HIS
IC NEEDS TO READ HIS
SOMEWHERE AND IN
GARDEN / ARROW.

PUT IT IN MY
PLAN, IF YOU GO
AND ONE BODY
YOU'D BETTER TAKE
LIBERTY TAKE



MEANWHILE OVER THE SCENE OF
THE RENDEZVOUS OF DEATH HANGS A
PALL OF SILENCE...

AND SOON AND GEN REELS OF
OTHER YEARS A SILENT FIGURE
BEGINS A GRIM G... ..



BUT BEHIND THE STATUE OF A
GLADIATOR ARE TWO OTHER TENSE
AND WAITING FIGURES!



SUDDENLY THE BIG STATUE TOPPLES
AND ITS SPEAR IS AIMED FOR
"OLIVER QUEEN'S" BACK...



GOT HIM!
HA, HA!
ANOTHER
"ACCIDENT!"

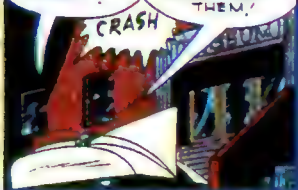


MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE THE
MUSEUM...

THEY'VE
STRUCK, G.A.!!
HEAR THE
CRASH?

PUSH THE
CATAPULT
LEVER AND
WE'LL JOIN
THEM!

CRASH



LOOK,
PETE,
TALKIN'
STATUES!

STATUES NUTVIN!
IT'S THE GREEN
ARROW!

THAT'S
RIGHT—
FELLOWS
—IT'S NOT
OLIVER QUEEN—
IT'S A
DUMMY!



BEFORE THE
THUGS CAN FIRE
THEIR GUNS...

THOSE ARE BOLO
ARROWS! YOU'RE
LUCKY THEY DON'T
WRAP AROUND
YOUR NECKS!

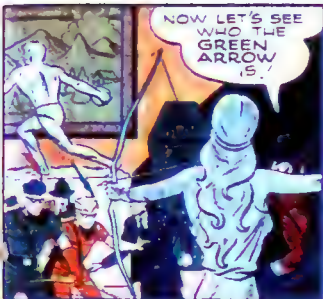


THEN, ANOTHER VOICE COMES
FROM THE SHADOWS!

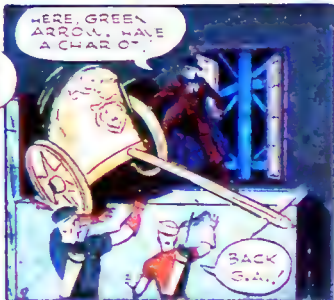
HA, GREEN ARROW.
YOU'RE NOT THE
ONLY ARCHER
HERE!

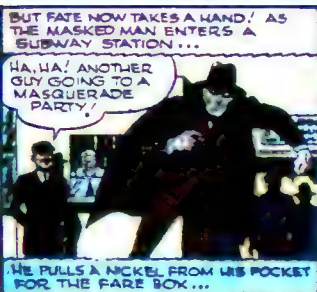
THE
MASKED
MAN, BUT
NOW HE'S
TALKING!





TWO MODERN BOWS GO INTO ACTION AND DIANA'S ARROW IS DEFLECTED FROM ITS TARGET.





RIDE THE RIGHT BIKE...



BOYS—Here's the sleek COLUMBIA Standard Equipped Model with snap-fitting tank, push button electric horn and other special COLUMBIA features. Red with ivory enameled fenders, trim and chain guards, sturdy luggage carrier.

...and you'll get more fun out of cycling, for cycling pleasure depends on comfort and trouble-free performance. For years of smooth carefree service, you can rely on bicycles by COLUMBIA.

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AND RIDE YOUR BIKE RIGHT...



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**BOYS AND GIRLS! HERE'S AN
IMPORTANT MESSAGE FOR YOU!**



There's a thrill in hitting a home run for your team - I know that. Whether that team is the Yankees or your own community makes no difference.

And all of our communities need home runs this fall in their Community Chest campaigns. That's true because these Community Chests support so many fine Red Feather services, like YM's and YW's, Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts, and a lot of others which benefit everybody.

So when you come up to bat for the Community Chest campaign this fall, why don't you hit a home run by making a big contribution to help send those Red Feather services all the way around the bases?

Joe D. Maggio

AQUAMAN

ROMANCE IN THE MOST ROMANTIC CITY ON EARTH—VENICE—TURNS TO DEADLY PERIL WHEN MASTER CRIMINALS CARRY OUT AN AUDACIOUS PLOT TO STEAL PRICELESS WORKS OF ART! BUT WHEN AQUAMAN BOARDS A SUNKEN TREASURE SHIP, TROUBLE BEGINS FOR THE CROOKS AS THE MIGHTY MONARCH OF THE DEEP INVADES HISTORIC CANALS ON CARNIVAL NIGHT TO END A RUTHLESS REIGN OF—

Villains in Venice!



THE SEAS AND OCEANS OF THE WORLD ARE AQUAMAN'S DOMAIN... AND THIS ADVENTURE BEGINS AT HIS ADRIATIC HEADQUARTERS IN THE GULF OF VENICE!

WHAT'S THIS YOU'VE BROUGHT ME, MY FINNY FRIEND? A LADY'S COMPACT—WITH A NOTE INSIDE, WRITTEN WITH LIPSTICK!

IT MIGHT BE A HOAX. THE NOTE DOES NOT SAY WHERE THE PRISONER IS BEING HELD...
HMM...

Help! I am a prisoner! They are going to kill me—
Dina Lewis



THAT MIDNIGHT, IN VENICE, QUEEN CITY OF THE ADRIATIC, A DARK DEED IS ENACTED IN HER SHADOWY WATER LANE!

THE TIDE WILL CARRY HER BODY AWAY!

NOW NOTHING CAN SPOIL OUR PLANS FOR THE GREATEST HAUL OF ART TREASURES IN HISTORY!

THE LITTLE FOOL, I MIGHT HAVE LET HER LIVE IF SHE HADN'T TRIED THROWING MESSAGES FROM THE WINDOW TO PASSING GONDOLAS!

LUCKY THAT COMPACT WE SAW HER THROW FELL TO THE BOTTOM OF THE CANAL!

IN THE CANAL'S DEPTHS, HUGE FISH NUZZLE A LIMP FORM...

MINUTES LATER, IN THE BOATHOUSE OF A RUINED VILLA...

SO-- THE DOLPHINS I SENT TO PATROL THE CANALS DID FIND SOMETHING-- A GIRL!

OOOH! YOU SAVED ME, BUT-- WHO ARE YOU?

THEY CALL ME **AQUAMAN**, AND I SENT DOLPHINS TO LOOK FOR YOU WHEN ONE OF THEM BROUGHT ME YOUR COMPACT, DINA!

AQUAMAN! I'VE READ ABOUT YOU! I SPENT MY SAVINGS ON A TRIP TO VENICE, LOOKING FOR ROMANCE-- AND I NEARLY HAD TO DIE TO FIND IT!

ROMANCE? ER-- SUPPOSE YOU TELL ME WHY YOU NEARLY DIED?

LAST NIGHT, ON THE CANAL, MY GONDOLA PASSED CLOSE TO ANOTHER, AND I OVERHEARD MEN IN IT PLANNING A ROBBERY! ONE WAS A MAN I HAD MET ON THE SHIP—AND HE RECOGNIZED ME!

KNOWING I HAD HEARD, THEY KIDNAPED ME! I THREW MY COMPACT WITH A NOTE FROM A WINDOW OF THE ROOM THEY LOCKED ME IN, BUT—

I RECOVERED IT! WHAT ABOUT THE ROBBERY?

THEY PLAN TO LOOT THE DOGES' PALACE TOMORROW NIGHT DURING THE CARNIVAL OF NEPTUNE!

ONE OF THE WORLD'S RICHEST ART MUSEUMS! THE GRAND BALL OF THE CARNIVAL WILL BE HELD THERE! DINA, YOU AND I WILL BE THERE!

I CAN'T GO! MY DRESS IS RUINED—AND MY OTHER CLOTHES LEFT WITH MY SHIP THIS MORNING!

DON'T WORRY! IT'S A COSTUME BALL—AND I HAVE PLENTY OF COSTUMES NOT FAR FROM HERE.

I'LL SWIM AHEAD AND OPEN THE AIR LOCK!

AN ADMIRAL'S CABIN IN A LONG-LOST TREASURE SHIP—MADE AIRTIGHT BY A FREAK UNDERWATER POCKET...

JEWELS—GOWNS! HELP YOURSELF—AND WHEN YOU'RE READY, THE DOLPHINS WILL TAKE YOU BACK TO VENICE!

IT'S WONDERFUL! A FAIRYLAND!

DAWN... AND BENEATH THE WATERS OF THE GULF A GIANT SEALED CLAM SHELL DRAWN BY DOLPHINS CARRIES DINA LEWIS TO A STRANGE SCENE
...

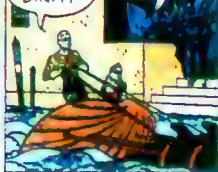
THAT NIGHT, THE GRAND CANAL IS AGLITTER WITH THE COLORFUL PAGEANT DEDICATED TO NEPTUNE...



AND STAR OF THE PARADE IS AQUAMAN'S DEEP-SEA COACH-AND-FOUR.

HERE IS THE DOGES' PALACE! SCARED, DINA?

NO! JUST TERRIBLY EXCITED!



IN THE CROWDED BALLROOM, WHERE PRICELESS PAINTINGS BY OLD MASTERS COVER THE WALLS...

AND AS THE BOMB'S CHOKING FUMES FILL THE GREAT CHAMBER...

IT'S TIME! NOW TO SET OFF THE SMOKE BOMB—PUT ON MY OXYGEN MASK—AND GRAB THE LOOT.

IT'S HAPPENING—(COUGH)—BUT I DIDN'T EXPECT—(COUGH) BOMBS!

LOOK—THAT MAN IN BLACK! I SAW HIM BEFORE HE PUT ON THAT OXYGEN MASK! HE'S—



—THE MAN WHO KIDNAPED ME—MAAFFFF!...

DINA! WHERE ARE YOU?



CHAOTIC MINUTES PASS BEFORE THE WINDOWS ARE OPENED, AND THE SMOKE THING OUT...

THE PICTURES HAVE BEEN CUT FROM THE FRAMES, BUT AN ALARM SOUNDED—AND THE GUARDS HAVE LET NO ONE LEAVE THE BUILDING!

DINA! THEY MUST HAVE KIDNAPED HER AGAIN!



MEANWHILE, IN A WINE-CELLAR BELOW THE PALACE...

WRAP THE CANVASES IN WATERPROOF CYLINDERS BEFORE YOU GO THROUGH THE TUNNEL!

LUCKY YOU LEARNED ABOUT THIS UNDERWATER ESCAPE TUNNEL FROM AN OLD MANUSCRIPT, VITTO!

THE TUNNEL LEADS TO THE BOTTOM OF THE CANAL—WHERE LIGHT FILTERS DOWNWARD FROM A WAITING GONDOLA.



IN THE GONDOLA...

KEEP HER QUIET AND OUT OF SIGHT, AND START BRINGING UP THE LOOT.

THE POLICE WILL NEVER THINK OF LOOKING FOR US HERE, ON THE CANAL.

MEANWHILE, AQUAMAN DIVES FROM A WINDOW, INTO THE CANAL.

AS I SUSPECTED—THEY ESCAPED UNDER WATER. THE GONDOLA IS TAKING ABOARD THE STOLEN PAINTINGS.



DINA IS PROBABLY IN THE BOAT...

AND UP ABOVE...

HALT, THIEVES!

THEY'VE SPOTTED US! RUN FOR THE YACHT!





A POWERFUL MOTOR ROARS TO LIFE—
AND THE SLENDER CRAFT STREAKS
AWAY!

THEY'VE RUN
OUT ON US!

THE GONDOLA HAS A
MOTOR, AND IT'S HEAD-
ING FOR THE SEA FASTER
THAN I CAN SWIM!...
BUT THE DOLPHINS CAN
TAKE A SHORTCUT...



ABOARD THE GONDOLA...

BUT WHAT
GOOD WILL
IT DO YOU
TO KILL ME?

ONLY YOU KNOW
WHO I AM! WITH
YOU DEAD, I'LL BE
SAFE!



BUT
ALREADY
AQUAMAN'S
FINNY
FRIENDS
ARE
AHEAD
OF THE
VESSEL,
READY
TO STOP
IT!



PRESENTLY...

WE'RE CAUGHT
IN SEaweeds!

THE STUFF'S
FOULED THE
PROPELLER.



AN OCTOPUS!
HE'S GOT MY
GUN!

A SWORDFISH
GOT MINE—AND
NEARLY GOT ME,
TOO!

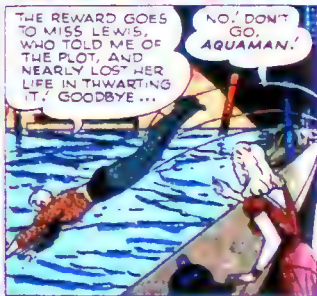
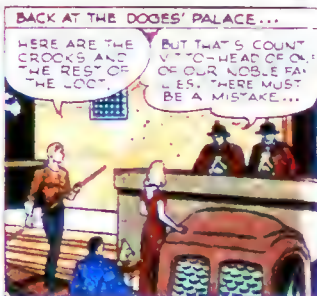


THEN—THE MONARCH OF THE DEEP
TAKES OVER!

AQUAMAN!
YOU'VE SAVED
ME AGAIN!

AIDED BY MY
SEA-GOING
FRIENDS.





Hit the
DANGER
TRAIL
with
TOMARAH!
in
EVERY
ISSUE OF
Star-Spangled
COMICS

THE CASE OF
"THE WED-FOOTED
DUNGLAR"

Adventures of SAM SPADE

LISTEN TO: "The Adventures of Sam Spade"
every Sun. a.m. on your Columbia (CBS) System
station. See radio listing in your local newspaper.

SAM AND EFFIE ARE SPENDING SUNDAY AT LONELY
CRAB CLAM BAY AS THEY WALK ON THE BEACH EFFIE
NOTICES SOMETHING PECULIAR AND REMARKS...

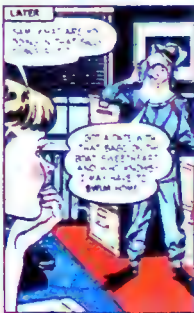
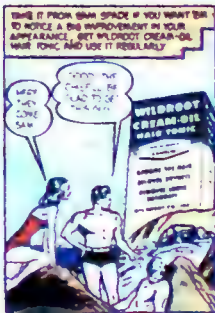
SAM, LOOK
AT THOSE
FOOT-PRINTS
THAT ARE
"TRACKS"

YES, AND THEY LOOK DIFFERENT FROM THE
FEET OF THE OTHERS. THEY LISTEN

HELP!

SAM, THE RAT'S
LEFT A FOOT-
PRINT THAT'S
BIGGER THAN
ANY OTHER'S
I'VE EVER SEEN

I KNOW, EFFIE—BUT
THAT'S THE ONLY
ONE THAT'S
LEFT IN THE SAND



HI, GANG!



A DATE
WITH

Judy

RADIO'S FAVORITE
TEEN-AGE GIRL-FRIEND

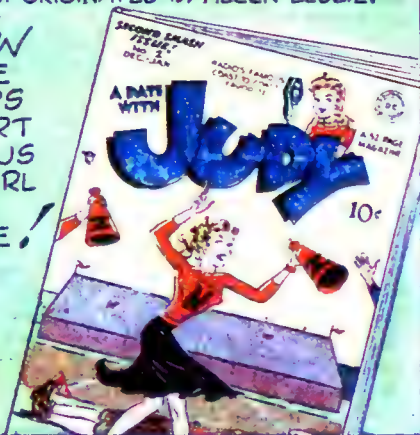
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FAVORITE
TEENSTERS
IN THE SORT
OF HILARIOUS
BOY-AND-GIRL
STORIES
You LIKE!

10¢

AT ALL
NEWSSTANDS



JUST BEFORE THE FIGHT

By Ted Field

IT'S all a mistake, Judge. I mind my p's and q's and keep my nose clean. I'm a peaceful guy. So just because I ain't a roughneck, is that a reason for a big grouch taking a sock at me?

Honest, Judge, this is how it was. I'm standing on the sidewalk in front of the Garden, see. It's about an hour ago, just before the fight. I'm watching the crowd, shoving and gabbing and kidding and I think, "Boy, what a gate!"

"And every time the turnstiles click, I get a bang because it means a cash customer. When I look up at the marquee—the electric sign over the entrance—that hands me the biggest bang of all. Because it reads, 'Light-Heavy-weight Championship Fight—Jed Moos vs. Kid Alfie Magee.'

Now, Judge, I been keeping tabs on the fight game a long while. I know the record of every pug since I went to high school. What's that, Judge? No, I only went one term to high school. But best of all, I know the record of this here light-heavy champ of the world, Jed Moose. I know his score by heart, backward and forward. I can remember his first fight as a pork-and-beaner in Cleveland. And I remember when he wins the title only a couple months ago. Yep, Judge, you might say I got a personal interest seeing the Moose win. I been rooting for him a long time.

So, there I am, thrilled as usual tonight. All of a sudden, up comes this great big guy. And, Judge, when a guy is six feet six, he certainly is entitled to the word big, with a capital B. He stands next to me, puffing a smokestack that looks like a cigar.

Judge, one thing irks me is a guy blowing smoke rings straight up my schnozola. What? Schnozola. That's a beezzer, a beak, a nose. And he keeps making them rings like he's playing quoits. Like I say, I don't like to argue with anyone. So I just cough a couple times to tip the guy off he is riling me. He goes on blowing rings. Finally, I say very polite, "Nothing personal, pal. But them smoke rings is getting to be a bit of a nuisance."

He rocks back and forth on his heels and twists up the end of his lip like a lion, looking at a mouse.

I ain't no midget myself, tipping the beam at 180 and standing six flat in my bare feet. What? No, sir, I don't say I have flat feet. I say—oh, never mind. Anyway, I figure to change the subject so I say, "Good gate tonight."

"Huh," he sneers, "why wouldn't it be good, with Alfie Magee in the main event?"

"Well, Alfie's a doggone swell boy," I say, "but after all, some of these folks is paying to see Jed Moose."

"That phoney," the big guy says, sending another ring up my nose.

Through the smoke screen, I say, "Personal, I think the champ's gonna take Magee."

"YOU think!" he bellows. "Want to bet?"

"No—no," I say. "I don't bet."

"Then shut your clapper," he snarls. "Skinny!"

Now, Judge, take a look at me. Am I skinny? One hundred eighty pounds of muscle from head to toe.

"You don't have to get so hipacanooshus," I say.

"Oh, I don't," says he. He raps his knuckles on my head. "Empty," he says. "I see better knobs on doors."

With that crack, he gives me a shove. It removes me two feet from where I'm standing. I bounce right back. He jabs his cigar in his mouth, puts his hands against my chest, and shoves. I'm out in the gutter now and a taxi almost runs me down. This sorta irks me, honest.

What's that, Judge? Did I strike him? Well, it all goes to show what some guys mean by strike. I pushed him. I sure did push him. But my foot slipped, you see, and as I fall forward like, my fist hits him on the jaw and the poor guy is on his back.

How'd he get them black eyes? Well, you see—How'd he get that swoll up jaw? Hmm.

You see, after I help the big lug to his feet, I wish to apologize. So I say, "Lemme brush you off." But he swings to steady hisself and I side step and

throw out my hand to keep my balance and by accident it hits him in the mush and squashes his cigar right into his face. Very, very embarrassing. Honest.

To make a long story short, what does he do? He gets up, bang! He pokes me on the beezer. And with that poke he makes another crack about how Jed Moose has a glass jaw and a yellow streak and how he was gonna give me a sample what Magee was gonna give the champ later on.

It ain't the poke, Judge. It's the crack about a top fighter like the Moose who gets me. And before I know what gives, my right hand bops him between the eyes. Believe me, Judge, I am careful not to hit him in the eye, either one. Right between, that's good enough for me. Can I help it if it shines up both of them at the same time? This here little accident causes him to stumble and his jaw sorta falls on my left fist cause I'm holding it high up to protect myself, see.

That's the whole truth, Judge. Hub. How much? Five dollars or the night in jail? Well, tell you, Judge, it's like this. I'll have to pay that five dollar fine. I can't spend the night in jail. I'm due at the Garden. I got to see the Moose win his first battle as champ.

How's that, Judge? My name! Well, ain't that a honey? Ain't I been telling you? My name's Jed Moose. The Light Heavyweight Champ, sure that's me. Holy Smoke, I'm on in about 15 minutes. Sorry I got to rush, Judge. So long now!

Johnny Quick

and his
MAGIC
FORMULA

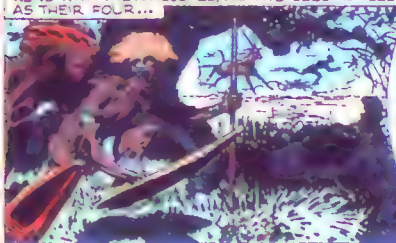


THE AMAZING SPEED OF THE ANTELOPE IS A LEGEND IN THE AFRICAN VELD. AND WHEN A PAIR OF HUMAN LEGS CAN RACE AS FAST—AND EVEN FASTER—IT IS INEVITABLE THAT THEIR OWNER EVENTUALLY MEETS UP WITH THAT PHENOMENAL KING OF SPEED—JOHNNY QUICK. AND THEN BEGINS THE MOST THRILLING RACE OF ALL TIME IN—

THE ADVENTURE OF THE ANTELOPE BOY!

DEEP IN THE HEART OF THE AFRICAN JUNGLE, TRIBESMEN ARE AMAZED BY A STRANGE MAN-BEAST WHO RUNS WITH THE ANTELOPES, HAS TWO LEGS AS FLEET AS THEIR FOUR...

EVEN THE BOUNDING HARE IS NO MATCH FOR THE FLEET YOUTH!

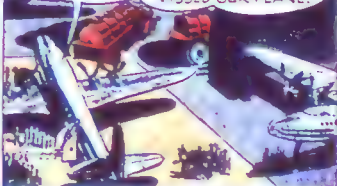


A THOUSAND MILES AWAY THERE IS ANOTHER RUNNER—TUBBY WATTS!

JOHNNY CHAMBERS, ACE CAMERAMAN OF "SEES-ALL-TELLS-ALL NEWS," WAITS PATIENTLY FOR HIS ASSISTANT...

(PANT-PUFF)... GOT TO MAKE THAT (PUFF-PUFF) PLANE!

GOT TO GO FASTER THAN THAT, TUBBY, IF WE'RE GOING TO TAKE PICTURES OF THAT AFRICAN ANTELOPE BOY, YOU ALMOST MISSED OUR PLANE!



AS TUBBY AND JOHNNY WALK TO THEIR SEATS IN THE PLANE...

ONE SIDE, LARD VAT!

HUH?

WHY, YOU CLUMSY OX, I OUGHT TO—

EASY, TUBBY. THAT MAN IS MOBS BRACKET, THE RACKET KING!



THE GREAT TRANSPORT WINGS ITS WAY ACROSS THE ROLLING ATLANTIC, THEN HEADS FOR THE INTERIOR OF AFRICA. MEANWHILE...

TUBBY, I WONDER WHAT MOBS WANTS IN AFRICA! HE MUST HAVE SOME EVIL SCHEME UP HIS SLEEVE!



SUDDENLY, AN EMERGENCY ANNOUNCEMENT FROM THE PILOT...

FASTEN YOUR SAFETY BELTS, EVERYBODY! WE'RE OUT OF GAS. HAVE TO CRASH-LAND—

I WONDERED WHEN THAT FUEL TANK I PUNCTURED WOULD EMPTY! NOW TO GET OUT OF THIS FLYING COFFIN!



NO NEWSREEL CAMERAMAN IS GOING TO BEAT MOBS BRACKET TO THAT ANTELOPE BOY.



HE'S PARACHUTING DOWN SAFELY. I'LL BET HE PLANNED ALL THIS.



NO PARACHUTES FOR US! WE'LL ALL BE KILLED!

THEN JOHNNY CHAMBERS WHISPERS THE SECRET FORMULA THAT ENABLES HIM TO MASTER TIME AND SPACE AS—
JOHNNY QUICK!

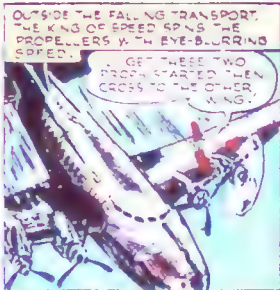
IF THE PLANE HITS THOSE TREES, THE PEOPLE IN IT WILL BE GONERS!



MEANWHILE, ON THE TALL GRASSES OF THE VELDT...

I PLANNED THIS JUST RIGHT, BOYS, SENDING YOU AHEAD TO WAIT FOR ME! THEM DUMB COPPERS NEVER SUSPECTED A THING. EVERYTHING OKAY!





THEN, EVEN THOUGH THE GIANT MOTORS ARE DEAD, THE PROPELLERS, SET IN MOTION, BY JOHNNY QUICK'S FLASHING HANDS CARRY THE SHIP SAFELY TO OPEN GROUND....



THAT AFTERNOON, MILES IN THE INTERIOR, JUNGLE PORTERS SPREAD THE TRAPS UNDER MOBS BRACKET'S ORDERS...

WHEN THE TRAPS ARE Laid SCATTER THE RABBITS. WE'LL CATCH THAT ANTELOPE BOY IN NO TIME AT ALL.



SOME HOURS LATER—THE QUARRY FALLS FOR THE BAIT.



MANY DAYS LATER, AT THE SAME KRALL THAT FURNISHED BEARERS TO MOBS BRACKET...

WHITE MAN COME. WHITE MAN GO AWAY. HE TAKE ANTELOPE BOY WITH HIM.

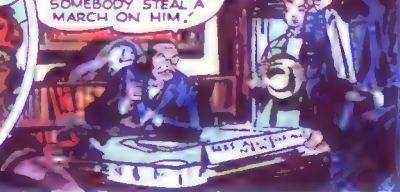
OH OH, LATE. WAS I? WE WERE SCOOPED, TUBBY.



AND SO, WEEKS AFTERWARD...

TROUBLE WITH YOU, CHAMBERS, YOU'RE TOO SLOW. YOU OUGHT TO BE LIKE THIS JOHNNY QUICK CHARACTER. I'LL BET HE WOULDN'T LET SOMEBODY STEAL A MARCH ON HIM.

YES, CHIEF.



WE HAVE TO REDEEM OURSELVES, TUBBY, BUT HOW?

YEAH. I DON'T FEEL SO GOOD AFTER THAT. I DON'T EVEN FEEL LIKE EATING.



AT THAT MOMENT, IN ANOTHER PART OF THE CITY.

OKAY, BOYS! WE GOT TH' SWAG.

LET'S SCRAM!



OH-OH... I HEAR A PATROL CAR COMING, MOBS.

QUICK-GIVE ME THE LOOT. I'LL TURN IT OVER TO FEETS.



GO, FEETS. MEET US AT THE REGULAR PLACE.

FEETS KNOW. FEETS RUN.



AFTER HIM! HE WAS
ONE OF THOSE
JEWELRY BAGS!

WHEN! LOOK AT
HIM TRAVEL!

WE CAN'T DRIVE IN THERE-AND
NOBODY ON THE FORCE COULD
CATCH THAT HUMAN EXPRESS!

IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOW, SIMILAR SCENES
OCCUR ACROSS GOTHAM CITY...

AS ALWAYS, THE TRAIL OF THE
ANTELOPE BOY ENDS - IN MOBS
BRACKET 5 APARTMENT.

NOW MAYBE YOU GUYS SEE WHY
IT WAS WORTH WHILE TO
CAPTURE THIS GUY!

BUT THE TRAILS OF THE FASTEST BOY AND THE FAST-
EST MAN ARE FATED TO CROSS... AND ONE NIGHT...

SAY I WONDER IF THE CAUSE OF ALL THE
EXCITEMENT IS THAT RUNNER WHO'S BEEN
IN THE PAPERS LATELY?

WOULDN'T DO ANY HARM TO
FOLLOW THE POLICE CAR AS
JOLLY GUCK - JUST IN
CASE IT'S THE PHANTOM
RUNNER - AND HE TRIES
TO RUN AWAY AGAIN -
3X2(9YZ)4A!



THREE BLOCKS NORTH...

THERE HE GOES NOW!
HE'S MOVING FASTER
THAN SIXTY MILES
AN HOUR!



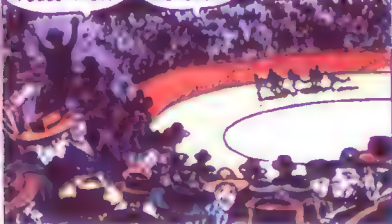
HAVE TO FIND — PLACE — WHERE
HE CAN'T — CATCH
ME —



INSIDE THE CITY ARENA, BORED TRACK FANS STARE
DISINTERESTEDLY AT THE RUNNING FIGURES...

HO, HUM! WHAT
A DULL RACE!

WISH I'D GONE TO BED EARLY
INSTEAD!



WHEN SUDDENLY...

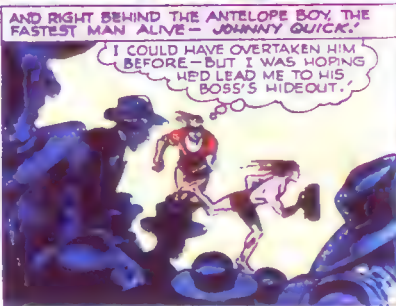
WOW!
LOOKA
THAT!

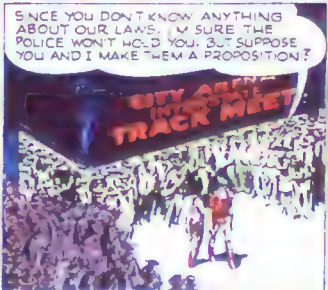
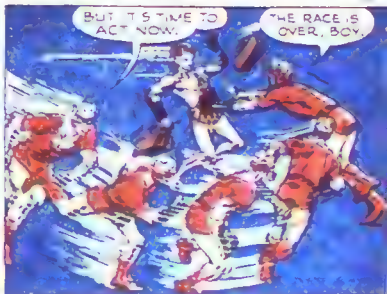
OH, BOY,
I WOULDN'T
HAVE MISSED
THIS FOR
ANYTHING!



AND RIGHT BEHIND THE ANTELOPE BOY, THE
FASTEST MAN ALIVE — JOHNNY QUICK!

I COULD HAVE OVERTAKEN HIM
BEFORE — BUT I WAS HOPING
HE'D LEAD ME TO HIS
BOSS'S HIDEOUT.







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READ **SUPERBOY**
EVERY MONTH IN
Adventure Comics

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GIRLS!
HURRY**

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LITTLE JOEY

by *Art Spiegelman*



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COUGH DROPS HELP

- ① Ease Tickle
- ② Soothe Membranes
- ③ Loosen phlegm

*for coughs due to colds



HOW JUST TWO WORDS TURNED MAC INTO A HE-MAN!

MAYBE WE BETTER GO INSIDE. HERE COMES THAT BIG GORILLA, GUS!



FRAID HE'LL BITE YOU LITTLE BOY?



WELL, "SKINNY MAC" RUN ALONG NOW-- ALICE AND I ARE STEPPING OUT!



BUT ALICE HAS A DATE WITH ME!



MAYBE SHE DID HAVE ONE BUT NOT NOW!-- YOU WEAKLING!



"YOU WEAKLING HE CALLED ME! I'LL MAKE HIM EAT THOSE TWO WORDS! I'LL SEND FOR CHARLES ATLAS' FREE BOOK AND FIND OUT HOW TO BE A REAL HE-MAN!"



LATER



BOY! ATLAS REALLY BUILDS MEN FAST-- JUST LOOK AT THOSE MUSCLES! NOW WATCH ME SHOW UP THAT BIG "SHOW OFF."



WHAT! YOU HERE AGAIN? SCRAM! BEFORE I--



I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too --in Only 15 Minutes a Day!

If you (like Mac) are fed up with being "looked around" -- if you're sick and tired of having the kind of a body that people PITY instead of ADMIRE -- this gives you 15 minutes a day. That's all it need to CHANGE I can make you a NEW MAN.

I know what I'm talking about. I was once a thin, pale, 95-pound "bag of bones" called "Thin". I discovered my own famous secret, "Dynamic Tension." It turned me into "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man." And I have paid this secret to thousands of other men. Half after workings into perfect, red-blooded specimens of real HE-MANHOOD. Let me prove that I can do the same for YOU!

"Dynamic Tension" Does It!

Using "Dynamic Tension" only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to put on muscle, increase your chest measurements, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. This new, NATURAL method will

make you a finer specimen of REAL MANHOOD than you ever dreamed you could be.

I don't care how old or young you are -- no matter how poor your present physical condition you can be. If you can straighten your arm and flex it, you can MULTIPLY it! In just 15 days -- yes, in each day -- to double your size.

FREE BOOK

Thousands of failures have used my system. Read what they say -- see how they look before and after -- in my book, "Health and Strength."

Send NOW for this book -- FREE. It tells all about "Dynamic Tension," shows you actual photos of men like yourself from your workings into Atlas' proportions. It tells how I can do the same for YOU. I send it off Address me personally, Charles Atlas, Dept. 35412, 115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.

no marriage system. Read what they say -- see how they look before and after -- in my book, "Health and Strength."



Charles Atlas

— actual photo of Charles Atlas, creator and builder of the title "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 35412

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I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a new Man of me -- give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular developments. Send me your free book, "Enduring Health and Strength."

Name Age

(Please print or write clearly)

Address

City State Zip

HIGH SCHOOL "CHAMPS" OF AMERICA by Thom McAn

TOMMY FRIEDMAN - VOTED

WATCH THIS SPACE FOR
THE HIGH SCHOOL "CHAMP"
OF YOUR LOCALITY.

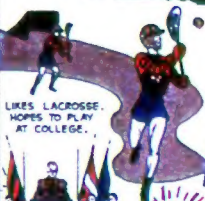
"MOST POPULAR BOY"

IN HIS CLASS OF FOREST PARK
HIGH SCHOOL, Baltimore, Md.



TOMMY FRIEDMAN

"Big Man on Campus" at Forest Park High, Baltimore! Elected "Most Popular," he's also "Most Likely to Succeed" and "Most All-Around." Big interest is politics, public speaking. Plays Jayvee basketball, active in student government. Favorite subject - Chemistry. Pet "Peeve" - back-seat drivers. GroScope a good idea because it protects boys and girls against stunting their foot growth with outgrown shoes.



LIKES LACROSSE.
HOPES TO PLAY
AT COLLEGE.



ON THE
AIR

TOMMY A RADIO SPEAKER--
APPEARED ON JUNIOR TOMMY
MEETING OF THE AIR.



REPRESENTED BALTIMORE
U.N. YOUTH IN N.Y. GREAT
THRILL WAS HEARING
SEN. EISENHOWER SPEAK.

HONOR-ROLL
STUDENT THROUGHOUT
HIGH SCHOOL.



INTENDS TO
STUDY MEDICINE.



LOVES TO EXPERIMENT
WITH STRANGE FOREIGN DISHES.



PRESIDENT OF HIS
CLASS FOR 2 YEARS.

"8 OUT OF 4 YOUNGSTERS WEAR OUT-
GROWN SHOES"--SAYS NATIONWIDE SUR-
VEY. AND THERE'S USUALLY NO PAIN TO
GIVE YOU WARNING--BECAUSE SOFT BONES
IN GROWING FEET DON'T "CRY-OUT." BUT
THOM McAN'S EXCLUSIVE GRO-CHART
WARNS YOU IN TIME, GIVES YOU CON-
TINUOUS PROTECTION AGAINST
STUNTING YOUR FOOT GROWTH.

TOMMY'S CHOICE
OF THE LATEST THOM McAN
STYLES IN BOYS' SHOES IS
THIS STURDY BEAUTY IN
RICH GRAIN-LEATHER.
(BOYS' STYLE NO. X 24;
MENS' STYLE
NO. 304)



Thom McAn

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Thom McAn

503 STORES - IN 399 CITIES